When Arthur Blunt disappeared and Eliner Rodney, wife of Robert Rodney, was missing, the good folks of Aberdeen whispered together harmoniously, some saying, "An elopement," and others, "What did 1 tell you?" Shrewd people were they, capable of proving two and two to be four, and even two and one, if the idiosyncrasy was necessary for the fulfillment of a scandal. So, after a little, when the newspapers had mentioned that the wrecked couple had been seen at various points in the West and South, and the wronged husband had begun a suit for divorce, and Peter Jackson, his principal traveling agent, had come forward as his principal witness with location, date and time pat, and botel register to back him, these same good souls were not a whit astonished or disappointed as they would have been had another conclusion

They applauded Rodney for the calmness and good sense with which he lived down the disgrace, and especially for his loying care, of his little daughter Annette. "He couldn't do more for her if she were his own child," murmured a few, particularly malignant, and hence high in public favor.

Yes, Robert Rodney, by his exemplary conduct in time of tribulation, redeemed his character from the condemnation of "weak," which had been generally imposed after his marriage with Eleanor Bruce. The idea that Robert Rodney, "Hats and Caps," name and occupation alike resonant of prudence and sobriety, should of a sudden wed such a flyaway little creature! People expected something far different of a Rodney, who, with the exception of that crazy Abram Rodney that dug the gold mine, had, time beyond remembrance, been a thrifty and sagaclous race. Surely, it was enough to make old Robert Rodney, "Hats and Caps," father of the present Robert of that ilk, and son of the lunatic aforesaid, turn over in his grave, were not the good man certain to have too much consideration for the appearance of the

It had been expected that the young man would marry "into the church," and in a family of his father's own kind. There was no need of naming names every one could mention a half dozen becom the coquettish. Was he fool enough not to know that she had accepted him out of pique, after a quarrel with that graceless Arthur Blunt? Did he suppose that this dainty young girl admired his square toes

Now, Robert Rodney had been quite fool enough to imagine himself beloved. Indeed, he had such respect for himself and for his prejudices, which he deemed principles, that any other idea would have been in-credible. So he had taken his young bride to the old Rodney homestead, situated at the base of the Dunder mountains, about fifteen miles from Aberdeen, and had set her in full charge, as if saying: "There! Be happy and proud in counting your bless-ings, while I attend to 'Hats and Caps.'" Ellnor had doubtless found an abundance of time for this enumeration. The estate was lonely and lonesome. Such hospitality as was incident to the mansion had always been stated, and friends, knowing when to come, knew when to stay away. There were plenty of servants, truly, but these had grown accustomed to their master's bachelorhood, and regarded his marriage as a grievance of which their young mistress

Marriage was marriage, and business business to Robert Rodney. A single quarter of an hour in church had settled the former, but the latter required attention from day to day. Hats and caps changed in fashion. Little boys' heads altered in shape. Firms dared to ask for custom. A hundred uch crises had to be met. What time had he for philandering, even had he approved of it? Once or twice it did occur to him that his wife had become pale and listless. But that was the way with women; when they had everything the heart could wish for then they became pale and listless. What was that honest old rhyme about a walnut tree? Besides, a girl must needs find such an exalted change bewildering. After a little, Elinor would feel quite at

nome, and then-Aye, after a little, Elinor did feel quite t home, and grew blithe and even frivolous. Her wan cheeks deepened in color, within her languid eyes flames were a-kindle. Naturally enough, the young husband patted his own back and counted his "hats and caps" the more. He could not suspect that notes in a dear familiar handwriting were daily arriving; that the estate was no longer lonely and lonesome, and that when Elinor strolled through the grove in the rear, beneath the mountains' jutting crag, her feet plodded not with exercise, but tripped with love. And then attle Annette was born, and, of course, maternity is a joyous absorption. Robert could not suspect, and he did not

antil an old servant warned him. Then, one day he sat in his private office with brows heavy with thought, thought foreign from "hats and caps." So she decelved him, she whom he had honored as wife of his bosom. She met her lover when she knew he would be detained in town. This very evening, perhaps, they would meet and plan for other meetings, for she had not been inquisitive regarding the session of the council. They would meet to his despite, and what could he do? Do? Had his will the power they should be ground into powder. But his name, his eputation, his business? Should this man whom he hated ruin them also? Before Robert Rodney's eyes appeared the image of his enemy, tall, slender, elegant, and in to his own ruggedness. Before his eyes flashed that face with dreamy look and sneering lips. Could features be more antagonistic to his own smug and sober countenanec? Yet because he had been injured. should he risk further harm? Punishment they merited, but punishment from a God invuinerable and inexorable. Was there fust the same, with them tossed off into he had been to ponder. Was there not a way prepared these many years beneath their very feet? Was not their trysting place directly over the old deserted mine. dug by his crazy ancestor, who had dug

better than he knew? "Under the Treasure Oak," his servant had said. Aye, and Treasure Oak was at the base of the cliff, and at its foot the shaft had been sunk, long to remain a gap-ing menace, half full of water, until his ence save himself, and why did he, save that the knowledge was God-sent for strength was sufficient. The covering could be removed and the pitfall concealed with branches and leaves. Then, a false step, or an adroit rush, if you please, from ambuscade, and roll on, O sober world, with these wretches forgotten in a common grave! Robert Rodney, of a sudden, sprang from his seat. He stepped quickly into the anteroom and studied his face in the glass. It was ghastly pale. There was blood, there was the imprint of teeth on his lips. But his eyes. They fascinated him. They gleamed so fiercely with delight. He laved als wounds and straightened his dress. Then, leaving word that he had an engagement in an opposite direction, he went by an abandoned road to the rear of his home. And all along his way, which he trudged with ever hardening resolution, twin stars seemed to guide him; twin stars that must have been infernal abodes, so cold, so vindictive was their light, twin stars that were the memories of his own eyes. And thereafter it was that the gossips

whispered, and the summons in divorce was published, and the decree entered, and that Robert Rodney lived down his disgrace in the old homestead with his little daughter. Annette, whom he loved "as if she were his own chili.' Robert Rodney shared not in the doubts of the gossips. Little Annette was all his own from the tips of her tiny toes to the topmost wave of her nutbrown hair. He had divorced the mother from her as absolutely as he had the wife from himself. She was his own fiesh and blood, a dearer self even than that respectable self he so reverenced. She embodied the love that shone through the crevices of his ley cavern. In her smile dwelt the smile of his sister, who died in his childhood; through her eyes looked the soul of his mother, and blessed. In her blithe existence he was content, even happy; yes, happy, since no illa threatened the object of his single pure and immaterial passion. Those who prate about remorse forget that fear is its generator. How could this man fear? Were the mountand apt to be removed? He had no imagination. Those who were dead were dead. The place of spirits was to him as far remote from the furthest star as the furthest star was from the earth, and he took not the slightest interest in the nearest star. His business was "Hats and Caps," and it Bourished: his delight lay in his child, and she was in sound health. The twain who had disappeared had, after a ten days' sensation, been plunged by the public into the

of them than one does of the crushed gnat of a previous summer. Time rolled on, scattering its lots of mischance, but none fell to Robert Rodney. He endured the personification of respecta-bility; Annette unfolded, a blossom of loveliners. But there was a cloud, and, as in every woman's case, the size of a man's hand. She was an attentive, affectionate daughter, watchful to needs, ready with Congressmen to wreck this country.

Lethe of ne'er-do-wells. He shared in the

common forgetfulness, and thought no move

caress, only-ah, the fairest human picture always bears this careless blur of hu-

The nearest neighbor of the Rodney homestead was the Conkling estate, situated a mile distant. The Conklings were old and tried friends of Robert Rodney. connected in business, and bound in the fellowship of the church. They, too, had an only child, a boy named Allen, a year older than Annette. What sequence more natural than that the children should grow up together as playmates? Indeed, Robert had encouraged the intimacy, for he knew that Mrs. Conkling's bosom was as tender as it was broad.

But when the links of this regard strengthened and tightened with years, and the youth and the mald became known "the inseparables." and each was the apparent complement of the other in the circle of love, then Robert began to be jealous. Jealous! He would have envied a dog that Annette petted; how else could he feel toward this stripling whose companionship she preferred, this likeness of a buried hatred, tall, slender, and elegant, with with dreamy eyes and sneering lips? What conscience had failed to do his anxious Or, yet an evergreen may it be, affection achieved.

He remembered, and alas! it now seemed that he was still where he had been when he had sat with gnawed and bleeding lips within his private office. Must that work be done again? Then truly he were an assassin, and not an avenger. Then goodbye forever to tranquil self-sufficiency. This lad had not wronged him; he loved Annette as any one must who had thus associated

Besides, in striking him would he not also wound his child? Ah, well he remembered years before when he had frowned on some plan they had formed, how An-nette had drooped like a flower before the scythe. No, there was nothing he dared do; nothing since the fault lay in his fault-less one, since Annette herself loved. And Robert Rodney would have generously subdued his fierce prejudices had the gossips remained neutral. Yet, how could they do so, and still be gossips? They saw a chance of diverting the placid course of true love, and they piled high the dikes of misrepresentation. Allen was idle, extravagant, dissipated. He was governed by whims, not principles. He was passionate, and his passions were his master. What did they say? There was nothing omitted that could render the young man a dan-

gerous companion to an innocent, confiding girl. Then it was that Robert Rodney, among his hats and caps, resolved to do Never, indeed, had he been recreant to that standard; the fault had been that his mental vision saw that as straight which was wofully crooked. He would separate the lovers. He would snatch his lamb from the wolf. At first it might seem hard to Annette, but time would open her eyes. In the meanwhile he himself would keep

aloof lest one touch of her sadness should overpower him. Robert issued his mandate with becoming beat like molten shot against his heart; but he yielded not. At first Annette became pale and listless, and her father was in despair. After a little, however, she changed. Her blithe and happy nature resumed its sway. Her wan cheeks deepened in color, and within her languid eyes flames were akindle. And now her father rejoiced. He could not suspect that notes in a dear, familiar handwriting were daily arriving; that the estate was no longer lonely and onesome, and that when Annette strolled through the grove in the rear, beneath the mountain's jutting crag, her feet plodded not with exercise, but tripped with love. He could not suspect and he did not, until that same old servant who once before had

warned him, related that early every morning Annette and Allan met beneath the Treasure Oak." Then he cursed the beldam roundly with anathemas borrowed from the greater prophets and bundled her from the house. But he believed; that is, he believed he was disobeyed and defled. He did not shame the daughter by comparison with her mother. He knew that the deeds of the one had lurked behind the shadows of evening, while those of the other gloried in the purest light of day. But he was defied; therefore he must persist. He would meet the young people at their tryst, and his calm, sensible speech should confound and subdue them.

It was late at night before Robert Rod-ney had marshaled his words and deeds to his satisfaction. Then as an essential preliminary to retiring he stepped to the window and looked out. Intense gloom, uninvaded by a glimmer, opposed him. He threw open the sash. The air was heavy with tempest. From the mountains there came a growl distinct from the sighing of the trees. From the meadows there came a tremor as if the good mother was in fear. "An electric storm," he muttered as he turned away. At that instant, in confirmation of his thought, there shot a bolt from the zenith as if sent by an unerring hand Full at the base of the "Treasure Oak" it struck, and, though the orb of the horizon was a dazzle with its refulgence, that one spot alone seemed illumined to Robert. As the darkness crashed down with the thunder Le crept into bed and drew the coverings over his head like a frightened

Oh, what had he seen, in that moment of revelation? Two forms, forgotten, yet ever flercely hated, two forms standing close together in tender embrace, as he had seer them on that evening whose dwindling light had been their approach of death! This man was brave, tenactous and logged. He gritted his teeth, and cursed his failing digestion, and forced himself to sleep. This man slept, but not in the oblivion of his unimaginative maturity. He dreamed; he to whom such visions had ever been the whims of mawkish women. It seemed to him that the last day had dawned, that the dreadful trump was sounding, and forth from their graves the dead stalked, from their hiding places, those who had been missing. Again he saw the two forms; they even approached him

with accusing fingers. "I can justify myself," cried Robert, and he awoke adrip with mortal sweat. Ah, but what was that tremendous sound? Then it was not all a dream! Could it be? No, the heavens were not open; they were blacker than Erebus. No Deity was apevery movement a contrast and reproach | pearing in His glory; but the forces of nature were raging to their utmost. A terrific outbreak. And that shock from which the house was even yet quaking? Doubtless a detached rock had dashed down old Dunder's side. No harm done. The mountains were too remote for damage. Rage wind and beat rain! The Rodney homestead had been a sufficient shelter for his ancestors. no way so that the world might roll on | and it surely would be for him. He must rest against the morning's early rising. And llimitable space? No way? Oh, fool that | again Robert Rodney slept; again, but without dreaming. Peace was holding her triumph when

Robert Rodney hastened through his grounds on his mission. The sky had put on her rarest blue, and every leaf and blade was diamond-decked in its honor. Peace reigned triumphant throughout the realms of nature and in the heart of this man. For surely Robert Rodney meant to be gentle, if determined, and loving, if unkind. And yet he could not understand it; he tried father had planked it over and piled on to dodge its view; there, before his gaze Who now remembered its exist- burned twin stars, as if to guide him-twin stars that must have been infernal abodes, so cold, so vindictive was their light; twin vengeance? There was time and his stars that were the faraway memories of his own eyes. What could it mean? It should not mean that! He was a bodily man, and any such punishment for an innocent disobedience would be murder indeed. Murder and his darling Annette connected in his thoughts? Oh, God, what had come over him! Robert Rodney bowed his head and ran forward, as if spectres were pursuing him.

He ran forward, and he reached the spot: then stopped short, with hands upraised enthralling bewilderment and terror. The mountain's side showed a gaping wound. The jutting crag was gone, but its path lay before him like a furrow laid bare by destiny. The ancient workings of the mine were exposed; its shaft widened into a gully given over to the bold scrutiny of the sun. And there, in awful distinctness, lay two skeletons, with their poor bones intertwined.

Robert Rodney stood on the brink and looked steadfastly on the remains of his victims. Dared they accuse him? Then he was ready to plead his cause, as he had been for the past twenty years. But they were silent and he despised them as he did the inane rocks on which they rested. He had no time for impotent dust! No time? of what was he thinking? At any moment Annette might come, and then she would know at once; oh, she would know! Were there not gems on the gristly neck and fingers that told the tale? She would know and abhor him; she, whose love was the breath of his nostrils. Oh, if he might only avert that despair, then no slave could be more supine to her sweet will than would he.

Back through the grounds rushed Robert Rodney. He broke open the toolhouse, seized pick and spade, and then on to his work. It was a half hour later, as Allan and Annette came slowly through the tranoul meadow toward the "Treasure Oak" that a begrimed and breathless man con-

"Oh, papa," cried the girl, unmindful of her fault, "what is the matter? Are you ill? And what work have you been doing before your breakfast, you naughty, heedless man-Robert Rodney's throat guiped; the deep lines about his lips twitched. He stretched out his arms, and when at length he spoke he smiled, and his voice was low and his "Oh, that is nothing," he said. "There

was a mountain slide, and I have been straightening up the ground a bit. But, So be it. All that I have shall be yours; only of this great love spare a trifle for

-New York Times. Or Even a President.

Atchison Globe. It takes something more than a few fool OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

When I Am Dead. Oh, dearest friend, when I am dead, No sculptured marble o'er my head Should mark the spot my ashes lie,

To halt the curious passer-by.

But plant upon my narrow mound, 'Midst mossy turf entwining round, The blue-eyed myrtle, symbol true Of love that I shall speak to you.

Or let it be the June-time rose, From whose warm petals I'll disclose The mysteries of the grave and soul And space whence all the planets roll.

And should you cull one from my crest, And wear it, sweetheart, on your breast, Our spirits would again commune, And, as in life, our hearts attune.

And when you come to pluck a spray, Dear heart, my spirit will o'ersway. With trailing vine, or shrub, or tree, On earth again I'll live with thee; And when you come to join me, sweet,

That springeth up to speak for me;

Dana, Ind., Ambition. Born of the filterings of heaven's rains Which through the rock-ribbed earth have

We'll bear our flowers where angels greet.

found their way. The hidden river, multi-barred from day, Awakes to power, and at its prison strains. The fullness of its latent power is shown; In Stygian gloom its upward course it

And to the light above at last escapes, Or from great barriers sinks to depths un-

So is ambition, which, from deepest gloom Fights upward through the strata of de-And, battling fiercely, goes to meet its

In deep oblivion or in upper .ir. And thus our cherished aims are hid, un-

Their waters find that open sea-Success. -Urban Charles Brewer. A Star and a Wish.

A star, large, bright and many rayed. A kindly beam it throws to me. I feign it whispers cheeringly, "To-night I watch; be not dismayed.

Through the still vigils of the night My course I'll keep, firm, straight and Nor can the lowering heaven quite

Envelop with its murky might The guiding gleam I send to you.' This wish the star in me has placed-

May the full record of my life, By no rash, erring deed defaced, But with beneficence well graced, Strengthen the weak in Life's hard strife. -Renos H. Richards. Spencer, Ind.

Put Up Thy Sword. And who the bravest of the brave; The bravest hero ever born? Twas one who dared a felon's grave, Who dared to bear the scorn of scorn. Nay, more than this; when sword was

And vengeance waited for his word, He looked with p tying eyes upon The scene, and said, "Put up thy sword." O God! could man be found to-day As brave to do as brave to say?

"Put up thy sword into its sheath."
Put up thy sword, put up thy sword! By Cedron's brook thus spake beneath The olive trees our valiant Lord, Spake calm and '.ing-like, Sword and stave And torch, and stormy men of death Made clamor. Yet he spake not, save With loving word and patient breath, The peaceful olive boughs beneath, "Put up thy sword within its sheath."

-Joaquin Miller. For You. For you, dear heart, the light-God's smile, where'er you be, And if He will—the night, Only the night for me!

For you love's own dear land Of roses, fair and free; And if you will-no hand To give a rose to me. For you Love's dearest bliss

In all the years to be;

And if you will-no kiss Of any love for me. Thankful to know you blest, When God your brow adorns With the sweet roses of his rest, I thank Him for the thorns!

-Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Parting. Why, love, don't weep! Our joy was long.

Sweet twenty years Of smiles and song. I shall but wait, Asleep, asleep, For you to come-Why, love, don't weep! Why, love, don't weep!

There comes a bound To speech and kiss; For joys like ours The price is cheap-Sweet twenty years! Why, love, don't weep!

A Little Way. A little way to walk with you, my own-Only a little way:

-Norman Gale.

Then one of us must weep and walk alone Until God's day. A little way! It is so sweet to live Together, that I know Life would not have one withered rose to

If one of us should go. And if these lips should ever learn to With your heart far from mine, Twould be for joy that in a little while They would be kissed by thine.

-Frank L. Stanton. Wind and Wave. O, when I hear at sea The water on our lee, I fancy that I hear the wind

That combs my hemlock tree. But when beneath that tree I listen eagerly
I seem to hear the rushing wave I heard far out at sea.

-Charles Warren Stoddard. "With Whom Is No Variableness, Neither Shadow of Turning." It fortifies my soul to know That, though I perish, Truth is so;

That, howsoe'er I stray and range, Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change. I steadier step when I recall That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall. -Arthur Hugh Clough.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

to be at St. Albans, Vt. Capacity, 22,000 pounds daily. It is estimated that every day adds \$2,500,-000 to the accumulation of wealth in the | Life. The beef extract factories in South

The largest creamery in the world is said

America make one pound of extract from thirty-four pounds of meat. Insurance companies claim that 'cycling is a more dangerous mode of travel than either rallways or steamships. The first person cremated in the United States by his own direction was Henry Laurens, a revolutionary patriot. Etienne Jodelle was the father of the French theater. His first play was "Cleopatra," presented on the stage in 1552. Of 15,000 persons one arrives at the age of 100 years, of 500 one attains the age of ninety, and one in 100 lives to the age of

Constantinople has 1,000,000 people, who are kept in order by 1,000 policemen. In 1890 only 3,000 arrests were made; but fifty for drunk-

It is said that the sudden expansive force

exerted by water at the moment of freezing is probably as much as 30,000 pounds per The total length of the Manchester (Eng.) ship canal is 351/2 miles. The average width at water level is 172 feet, and the minimum depth 26 feet.

The total value of the crops of the United States during 1892 is estimated at \$3,000,000,-000, of which the largest item is \$750,000,000 | Hardware.

tons of Buffalo bones, representing 7,800,000 animals have been exported from that

Mr. Ernest Hart says that quarantine of cholera is a broken reed. Only in the purity of the water supply, he says, can an A landlord in Lynn, Mass., to get rid of an objectionable tenant, stopped up the chimney. They stood the smoke for three days, and then moved.

Within an area round the city of Man-chester, England, comprising about 7,500 square miles, there is a population of 7,500,-000 people and 150 towns. The Eastern hemisphere, on which dwell 92 per cent. of the population of the world, has 170,792 miles of railroad or 46 per cent.

of the railroads of the world. The Western hemisphere, having but 8 per cent. of the population of the world, has 199,489 miles of railroad, being 54 per cent. of the mileage of the world.

There is every reason to believe that the milking of cows in large dairies by machinery will soon become as common as the cutting of corn and grass is on large farms. The total coinage, gold and silver, of the reign of Henry III was £3,898; the total coinage of the reign of Victoria up to 1892 was f544,190,000, of which £312,300,000 were of gold and £231,800,000 of silver.

A family named Walker, living in Mitch-ell county, North Carolina, consists of seven brothers and five sisters, all of whom are over six feet in height. One of the brothers is said to be 7 feet 9 inches tall. The smallest republic in the world is Franceville, one of the islands of the New Hebrides. The inhabitants consist of forty Europeans and five hundred black workmen employed by a French family. The 167 wives of the Turkish Sultan were vaccinated recently. As outsiders are never allowed to gaze upon the Sultan's wives, the arms of the victims were passed out through a small hole in a temporary build-

What is believed to be the oldest piece of metal money ever made is at the mint in Philadelphia. It was minted Aegina about 700 B. C. The design is in high relief, representing a tortoise crawling along the face of the coin.

One of the matrimonial customs of the Matabele tribes is that when children are born to a couple the father must buy them of his father-in-law, or, if he fails to do so, the children become the property, so to speak, of the mother's family. All the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte cost his country £255,000,000, while the wars of

Louis Napoleon cost France £442,000,000. The former made the enemy pay most of the expense; the expense of the wars waged by the latter was borne by France. In calculating "exact time" at the national observatory at Washington, the astrenomers do not, as is generally supposed, use the sun as a basis of their calculations.

Such deductions are made only from the | S relative position of the "fixed stars." The tower which is being erected by the Russians on the highest point of the Mount of Olives, at Jerusalem, is already several stories high, and but one more is to be added. It is to be so high that both the Mediterranean and Dead Seas can be seen

Diet for athletes among the Greeks was a very different thing from that prescribed for our prize fighters. The Greek candidate for a prize at the games was put on a diet of new cheese, dry figs, boiled grain, milk and warm water, but allowed no meat whatever, and on this apparently simple diet great efficiency in athletic sports was

> HUMOR OF THE DAY. When It Comes.

Good News. Teacher-What is the Great Divide? Smart Boy-It's what comes after elec-

A Good Word. New York Herald. Jack-If I happen to meet Mrs. Terry I'll speak a good word for you.

brainy, but unutterably bad. That Isn't Work.

Tom-Do; speak of me as, beautiful and

Young Woman-What do you do now that Mr. Gerry won't allow you to go or Little Girl Actress-I help my little broth-er carry the Sunday newspapers.

The Difference. A New York dude traveling in the West was violently kicked by a cowboy, apparently without any provocation.
"Why—ah—did you kick me?"
"Because I done forgot and left my gun

at home." Equal to the Occasion. New York Press.

Mrs. Pryer-I understand your husband is very fond of female society. Mrs. Sweetly-Excessively so. In fact, I can't get him to go to a club or anything of the kind. He wants to be in my company all the time.

Philadelphia Record. Tommy-Pop, does ma pull teeth? Tommy's Pop-Not that I ever heard of. Why do you ask, my boy?

Tommy—'Cause I heard her tell Mrs.

Tattletale that it was just like pullin' teeth to get money out of you.

Why He Asked.

The New Leaf.

Bishop Gullem-My dear young lady, have you started in this year to do unto others as you would have them do unto Dear Young Lady-Yes. I've quit speaking to those Grigsby girls.

Lots of Good in Her. New York Press. "There's lots of good in that Mrs. Slack who lives up street." "Do you think so?"

"I do; she is constantly borrowing things from her neighbors, yet she never has an ill word to say about any of them.' Low-Priced Admission. Good News.

Visitor-And do you like going to Sunday school? Small Boy-Yes, indeedy. Papa gives me three or four pennies every Sunday, to pay my admisison, and the teacher never asks me for more than one of 'em.

Understood It.

Good News. Teacher-"Let me write the songs of a nation, I care not who makes the laws." Do you understand that? Bright Boy-Yes'm. Lots of Congressmen died poor, but the composer of "After the Ball" made a hundred thous-Teacher-Next.

Easy to Be Happy. New York Weekly.

Mrs. Nexdoor-Aren't you always worried half to death when it comes to buying a Christmas present for your husband? Mrs. Sunshine-My! no! I buy my husband something I want for myself, and he buys me something he wants for himself, and then we trade.

An Addition to the Language.

"Would you call Dexter a poet?" "No, sir. He is a riminal." "A what?" "Riminal. That's a word of my own. If a man who commits crimes is a criminal. I

don't see why a man who commits rhymes shouldn't be a riminal." Told the Truth. New York Weekly.

She-You told me I was the only woman you ever proposed to. True, is it? I've heard that you've been engaged to three women. 'All of them were widows, my love. They didn't wait for a proposal."

One Kind of Intelligence.

Beatrice-The lecture on entomology was very interesting. I thought it rather singular that fleas should be classed among the most intelligent of insects. Her Cousin Tom (just back from Florida) -Well, I don't know. They get on to a great many clever people.

In the Country Newspaper Office. New York Recorder. "I guess we'd better get out a world's

fair edition, Jim.' "Great Scott! Isn't the fair too much of a has-been now?" "That's nothing. I've bought a halfbushel of old cuts from the type metal folks cheap. Let's show our readers that we've got some enterprise." What She Was After.

New York Herald. Jameson-Are you going to refurnish

your house? Fitz-No. ameson-Well, I saw your wife in a fur- said that half her people are paupers, that niture store the other day pricing differ-Fitz-Yes. She did that so as to find out what Brown's new furniture cost.

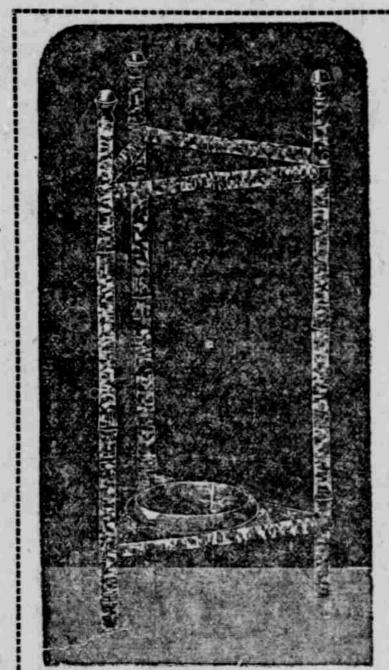
Inducement to Matrimony. North Dakota has several wheat farms often takes his theme in the way of a perior. These ops her great natural resources.

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little pictures of housekeeping are very taking. Abroad the dresser has gone a step further. He will furnish a kitchen with its range, pots, kettles, plumbing and so on. Or he will build up a dining room with its table filled with cutlery, flowers, silverware, crockery, noveltles in electric cooking, etc. In all cases, every article is placarded in a neat unobtrusive way so as not to offend good taste. The result is that many a couple strolling by take a sudden impulse to get married, for there are few girls who, after they look upon a picture of that sort, have not an itching desire to set that table and cook in that kitchen. For a hardwareman with an abundance of window space, it never could be put to better advantage than by once in a while setting it off in this manner.

Denver's Condition. Letter in Boston Transcript. Denver seems desirous now of complete silence about her financial condition. It is the newspapers are weeks behind in salaries, and that the rents of over one-half of the residences have not been paid for months. One knows not what to believe from Denver. Since it attempted, with gigantic audacity, to bluff the entire country into a law compelling a silver standard and failed. Denver seems to be quiet. It is,

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